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ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. XI.—No. 534.]

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1894.

[ONE PENNY



LAUNCHING THE LIFEBOAT AT DOVER.

"During the last few days Poor Pa has been developing a wonderful courageous spirit. Besides rescuing the Twins from a frightful death in a treacle tub, into which they had fallen, he has been the means of almost delivering Mamma from a watery grave at Dover—I say almost advisedly. Poor Ma was really in no danger at all, as the sea had no sooner covered her feet than it began to ebb. Dad, though, thought otherwise, and made frantic efforts to have the lifeboat launched. But the boatmen only jeered at him, and Pa had eventually to wade to the bathing machine and carry Mamma to shore on his back."—TOOTSIE.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.



Hot and weary with her long walk, Aunt Boggles seeks a seat.



And finds what she thinks is just the thing, and seats herself accordingly.



Grumpy, though, upon whom his nephews have been practising their ingenuity, ungallantly protests.

THE BONES IN THE BARN.

A VERY strange story this. In the afternoon of June 24th, 1806, the Rev. George Parker, Rector of Oddingley, Worcestershire, was brutally murdered in a field near his residence. Two days later the man whom all in the neighbourhood were convinced was the murderer mysteriously disappeared, and his skeleton was only discovered in a barn at Oddingley on January 21st, 1830, and, there was no doubt, he had been murdered also.

But during the twenty-four years that had elapsed since the first murder many deaths had occurred in the village, and among them that of the supposed murderer of murderer No. 1.

The Rev. Mr. Parker had, previous to his obtaining the rectory from the Duke of Norfolk, been a zealous electioneering agent, and appeared afterwards to have lived in a constant state of dissension and litigation with his parishioners on the subject of tithes. The principal residents in the neighbourhood were a Captain Evans, who at the time of Mr. Parker's murder was about seventy years old, and Thomas Clewes and John Barnett, well-to-do farmers. All these three men had been heard to vow vengeance against the rector, and to say he ought to be shot. There also lived at the village a man of the name of Hemmings, a small jobbing carpenter of indifferent character, and who was seen about a great deal in Clewes's company drinking in ale houses. For some days before Mr. Parker's murder this

Hemmings had been seen hanging round his premises with something in a bag that looked like a gun, and was supposed to be poaching. Mr. Parker had been warned that his life was in danger, and, about a month before he died, had been twice awakened by some gravel being thrown against his bedroom window, but, fearing mischief, he remained in bed. At length, however, the murderer fell upon him in his fields, fired at him and beat his brains out. A waggoner and butcher coming up at the moment, one ran after the assassin, but he, turning round, drew forth a pistol and threatened to shoot his pursuer, on which he was allowed to escape.

An inquest was held on the body of the parson, and a verdict returned of wilful murder by some person or persons unknown, and years rolled by without any discovery being made. Clewes, to whom the barn had belonged, failed in business, and retired to live in a small cottage at some distance. The next owner of the barn determined to have it pulled down, and a workman, starting on the job, discovered in a corner a skeleton, a pair of old boots and a two-foot rule. The boots and rule were of peculiar make, and were sworn to as belonging to Hemmings, the supposed murderer of the parson. The skull was found to be terribly fractured.

At the inquest on his remains, it appeared that Captain Evans had died, at the age of ninety-six, in 1829, and was buried in a vault which he had had prepared for himself. It was reported that "in the last few years of his life he was uncommonly restless and betrayed great mental agitation, fancying he saw the murdered parson continually before him, and crying out, 'Take him away—take him away from my bedside!'"

Clewes, Barnett, and a man called Bankes, a servant of Captain Evans, were put on their trial. Another man, Taylor, implicated in the second murder, had died. Clewes, to save his neck as he thought, if things went wrong, made a "statement." He said that the day after the parson was shot, Captain Evans called to him from his garden as he was passing by and told him that Hemmings was hiding in the barn, and that the poor devil must have some money to get him away, and that at eleven o'clock that night he would call for Clewes to go down to the barn with him. To this Clewes reluctantly consented, and he said, "The Captain, Taylor and Bankes went into the barn. The Captain called, 'Halloo, Hemmings, where be 'est?' Hemmings said, 'Yes, sir.' The Captain said, 'Get up, Hemmings.' Hemmings was covered up with straw. As he rose up, Taylor up with a stick and struck him two or three blows. The Captain said, 'D—his body! we must not take him out of doors, somebody may see us, mayhap.' Taylor fetched a spade and dug a hole, and he and the Captain dragged Hemmings into it, and Taylor soon covered him up. Hemmings never groaned or moaned after he was first struck. We then parted. I went home to bed. The whole thing did not occupy half an hour."

Clewes, Bankes and Barnett were tried, but, upon the suggestion of the judge, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty, and next day it was agreed that, though they were accessories to a murder, the principal felon not having been tried and being now dead, they were to be discharged. Bankes and Barnett quitted the jail at once, but Clewes, seemingly fearing violence at the hands of the mob, was allowed to remain until the vast concourse of persons assembled in front to witness an execution then proceeding had dispersed.

THE FITE FOR THE CHAMPPYONSHIPP. ROUND 2.

Alexandry the bluddless boi avin bin fetch bak from under the bedd kum up lookin seerua, the deemin boi lett fli with is leff butt the bluddless boi slipp down inn advance an thee deemin do a summersalt an urt iss ed wile the bluddless 'e corrl orf agin under the ropes.

(Next week, "A Demon of the Deep.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Much obliged for letter, CHOROE Sorry that we cannot, LEN. Bride, bride's father, or relations. When she has them, F. A. N. From the country he is born in, Is the answer, A. L. C. Only once or twice, A READER: It is difficult to see. Haven't any space at present, To fulfil your wish, F. J. Just at present, FRIEND OF TOOTSIE'S, It's impossible to say. BOB'S idea's not a bad 'un. Glad you like it, IN ADVANCE. SLOPER would be on it, CHUMMIE, If they gave him half a chance. Kindly read the rule, AN ARTIST: Stamp should be attached, of course. ALLY'S very pally, BOBBY, With the members of the Force.

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Overheard at the Sloper's Arms.

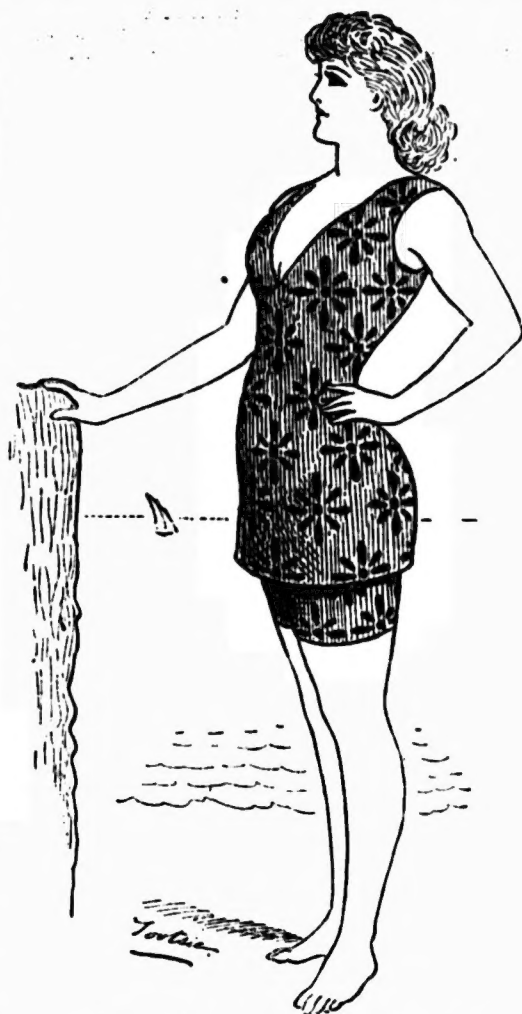
Young Man (endeavouring to monopolise the conversation). And, I was saying, he then took ALLY apart, and—

Cynicus (interrupting). Did he? You don't happen to know whether he put him together again, I suppose, for, if not, I should like to have that nose.

"A DESTINY doth shape our ends,"
Says the Immortal Bard.
Well, destiny on SLOPER'S fee
Has been tar'nation hard.

Country Editor (engaging assistant). And—er—do you think you could write us a story now and then—could you do us a little fiction?

Applicant. Oh, yes, sir, there would be no difficulty about that. I used to draw up the advertisements for a house agent.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 534.—The "Weymouth Bathing" Costume.



A FINANCIAL DIFFICULTY.
"What can I make up half a pint of four ale?"

"I say, waiter, this egg is pretty ancient." "Can't help it, sir, the hen that laid it is an hold 'un."



Vernon. I backed a winner yesterday at the races, Jack.
Jack. Oh, indeed! so you didn't have to walk home?
Vernon. Oh, yes, I did; there were five races afterwards.



AUTHORS—AUTHENTIC.
No. 16.—Victor Hugo. (Victor, you go!)

THE GOLF STREAM.
Dedicated to lovers of the noble game.

A. anchor off the Cannibal Islands.
First Seaman. Them there niggers seem happy enough ashore there, Bill. They ain't got much on their minds.
Second Seaman. No Jack. Nor anywhere else, either.

Fond Mother. Henry, dear, have you very many serious cases in your hospital now?

Son (medical student). Um—er—serious? Oh, yes, a good many. Why?

Fond Mother. Oh, only because I overheard you saying something to your friend Walter about all the fellows being paralytic blind the other night.

"My father carried everything before him," said a young man whose sire had risen in the world. "So I've heard," remarked a listener; "on a wheelbarrow, at first, wasn't it?"

Gigantic Specimen of the Superior Sex. It's no use your talking, my good sir, you men are played out. It is we women who rule the world now.

Brute of a Man. Wee women? Yes, I agree with you; but not you female Brobdignagians.

THE biggest bore that walks the earth,
Is he who all the day
Will tell you all the clever things
His little boy can say.

Stranger. Pardon me, sir, but can you direct me to a good doctor in this town?

Inhabitant. Well, we have only one, Dr. Kylemoff, just round the corner there.

Stranger. Thanks, very much. Is he anything of a specialist?

Inhabitant. Hardly; from what I know as the result of his interference, I should call him a fatalist.

Young Sharpshins. Do you believe what the parson said in his sermon this morning, dad, about the devil walking up and down the earth seeking whom he can destroy?

Old Sharpshins. Ahem! well, of course, it is a matter of opinion to a great extent; for myself, I should say that the old gentleman is far too busy at home receiving important guests to have much time to wander about.

A SWEET young thing who has just joined the Girls' Fire Brigade, says, feelingly: "The worst of those tunnel fire escapes that you go up inside is that it don't matter a rap whether it's grey worsted or striped silk." I knew one girl, who went home and tried to poison herself, on hearing of the new patent, because she'd got a splendid pair with gold clocks, and was only hoping that St. Paul's would burn down, that she might have a chance of scaling the dome.

Old Friend. And what is Charlie doing?

Mother. Oh, he goes to town every day.

Old Friend. Oh, indeed? What's he working at?

Mother. Oh, he's not working at anything—he's in a Government Office.

He. I see from the newspaper that six more missionaries have been sent out to the Kookonaliveoh Islanders.

She. Oh, that's good; there's no fear of the poor heathen starving for the present, though.

STRUTS there an actor on the boards,
Throughout the kingdom wide,
Who doesn't fancy that he could
Play Hamlet if he tried?

Jones and Smith going home to dinner with Brown at his suburban residence.

Jones (with a grunt of despair). I say, Brown, does it pay you to live out here?

Smith (with a snort of disgust). Of course. Do you think any man in his senses would live so far from a station in such a place as this unless he was paid for it—and paid well, too.

Tom. Broke, are you, old man? Well, can't you manage to borrow a bit?

Jack. Impossible!

Tom. What, haven't you got any near relations who would assist you at all?

Jack. That's just the awkward part of it. All the relations I have are so d—d near, that I couldn't screw a bob out of the lot to save my life.

Puffins (to his friend on horseback). I didn't know you were a horseman. How long have you been riding?

Snobkins. Oh! off and on for the last ten years.

Puffins (spitefully). Humph! More off than on, I suspect.

Bird Dealer. Here is a beautiful grey parrot, sir. This bird will repeat everything you say. Dirt cheap at a fiver.

Would-be-Purchaser. Not much. He won't do for me; my missis is a jolly sight too jealous as it is.

Newcome. I say, old man, what's the cheapest thing to feed pigeons on?

Oldhand (unhesitatingly). Your neighbour's peas, decidedly, I should say, old chap.

He (impassioned). Tell me, my darling, do you—do you keep all my letters? Say that you do not toss aside the avowals of my love.

She (practical). Not me! why, what a jay you must take me for! Where should I be in a breach-of-promise trial, if I didn't take care of the correspondence?

[And somehow there didn't seem to be quite as much romance about the affair after that.]

DID Ananias live to-day
He'd get a berth, you bet,
To write the little stories for
A fisherman's gazette.

Going through Bullion's Art treasures.

Artist. What charming water-colour sketches! Italy, of course? I suppose you took your sketching materials with you wherever you went?

Bullion. Oh, dear, no! But I took my purse, which answered the purpose a great deal better, for, though I can draw a cheque, I cannot draw a landscape.

First Criminal. And so Bill got off, did 'e, and you 'ad six months? Why, he wor deeper in the game than you.

Second Criminal. In course 'e wos. 'E defended 'isself, though.

First Criminal. And you?

Second Criminal. Oh, I was mug enough to 'ave a lawyer.

Every Monday. One Halfpenny.

LARKS.

Full of Funny Pictures and Side-Splitting Reading.

CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TOOTSIE AT WEYMOUTH.

I HOPE Bob won't lose all his money over this tour. It costs a little bit to feed and pay fares for a party of six, but when you have to pay salaries to, and fares for, sixteen more—that is to say, first and second low com., one utility and one baggage man, and a Brass (headed) Band of twelve (I allude to the Fair Choristers)—it begins to tell up. From Brighton to Weymouth is not, perhaps, such a tremendous journey; but if our next pitch is to be Land's End, and we are to play the following week at Edinburgh, I scarcely see how the tour can maintain an uninterrupted remunerative complexion. Anyhow, here we are at Weymouth, where we open to-night.



Playing with other children.

Good old Weymouth! It is not at the present day a vortex of gaiety, though it is greatly increased in size and is wonderfully healthy, and there are lots of very pleasant drives round and about it. It is a rare place for invalids, they tell me, and very mild in the winter. The bathing is excellent and the sands are firm and dry, so that when the Dook Snook wrote the title of our burlesque company upon them the "ad." lasted nearly an hour—the dinner-hour, by the way, and then the spades and pails came down and—As Billy, when sent on errands, manages, I notice, to get away towards the beach, he spends a good bit of his time there playing with other children building castles. Lord Bob, too, having been searched for all over the town on a matter of great importance—no less, indeed, than the limelight for this evening—was discovered returning from the ocean in triumph with a penny mackerel of his own catching. The first low com. has just told me "it give him the sick." Mr. Jinkins, the party in question, who is also stage-manager and treasurer, has had a terrible morning fixing the dressing-rooms for the Brass-Nobbed Division, all of whom are at



Behind the scenes.

variance. The Dook Snook is helping with the bookings, and has left a little boy in charge to summon him, in the event of a rush, from the "most adjacent."

Mr. Jinkins says that every visitor to Weymouth should make an excursion to Portland, either by rail, water or road. Mr. Jones, the second low com., says he thinks so too, as no one can say when a knowledge of the height and thickness of the outer walls might not come in handy.

The good guide book tells me that the vicinity of Weymouth is a happy hunting ground for the entomologist; and that he may, perchance, alight on a Lulworth Skipper, a Red Admiral or a Painted Lady. The geologist, also, if he brings down his hammer with him, may have a high old time.

Provisions are good and reasonable, and fish are plentiful, and the Brass Band goes marketing for the mid day meal. The shops here generally are very good, and altogether Weymouth is a very nice place; the only question being, is it a theatrical town?

The posters are of huge dimensions and are brilliantly coloured. I observe two old ladies looking at one, and hear one of the old ladies spell out the title for the benefit of the other old lady.

"Naughty, naughty!" The other exclaims, "Hussies!" I don't suppose we need expect either of them in to-night. But I must lay down my pen; it's time to start for the theatre.

Such a night! Such a confusion behind the scenery. Such fixing up and falling down of scenery. Such orders and counter orders. Such demands of "Who are you?" and "What do you take me for?" and "How many bosses are there to this 'ere show?" Such rows, too, among the Brass Band, and such telling of everyone by every one else that she is no lady. I was very glad when it was over and we got back to supper at the hotel. Bob says the returns will be better to-morrow night, and that the weather's against us.

You know those two mashers at Brighton? well, they followed us down. We call one Ginger and the other Legs. They were both at the theatre with bouquets, and when they threw them one



On the sands.

fell in the trombone, and the other caught the leader on the back of the head. But what I want to tell you is—bother it! there's no more room.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

"THE fact of the matter is, Mr. Flinderwick," said the head of the counting house, "that our rules must be observed. An interval of twenty-five minutes for luncheon always has been sufficient for the clerks in this office, and we cannot permit you to take an hour."

Hugh Hickelwhiffit Flinderwick gazed scornfully at his chief. "I am not going to ruin my digestion simply because others do so," he said. "The fact of the matter is that there's no such thing as liberty in this played out old country. America's the place, where a man can breathe freedom and not be messed about by such a sordid firm as Gracemorton and Throggchurch. I beg to tender you a month's notice, and I'll leave—"

"You may leave now, if you like, Mr. Flinderwick, we sha'n't stop you."

"So be it, hired minion! thus do I throw off the yoke"—and he flung at the feet of the head-clerk the nice new penholder, fitted with a bright G nib, that had been behind his ear. In the twinkling of a jiffy he had changed his coat, and, with his office-jacket and hairbrush stowed away in his top hat, strode forth into freedom and Fenchurch Court.

Three weeks have elapsed.

A tall young man, somewhat dusty and travel-stained, walks into the Howling Coyote saloon in Texas. We—who, of course, have got there beforehand—have no difficulty in recognising Hugh Hickelwhiffit Flinderwick.

"Good morrow, friend!" he says to the one-eyed barkeeper, with an air that is akin to patronising. "do you know a Mr. Jack Spicer about here? I have a letter of introduction to him."

"Guess I did know him," says the cocktail-mixer.

"Ah, and where shall I find him?"

"You'll find him hangin' to a tree on the road to Socketville; the mob 'ung him last week—he'd got too much ter say!"

Hugh H. Flinderwick started slightly, but assuming a bravado that he did not feel in a country where hanging flourished like wild grass, he merely said:

"Poor old Jack! Well, he always was a bit given to the gift o' the gab—peace be to his manes, and—er—d'ye know Bill Wallyby?"

"Just a trifle!"

"Where's he?"

"Goodness knows. He was run out o' the city last week, with seventy or eighty guns behind him."

"Heavens! What for?"

"Oh, bein' too cocky an' shootin' off his mouth."

Hugh H. Flinderwick grew a trifle more nervous.

"I hope I don't trouble you—er—sir, but—er—I've got a line here to Harry Heavergall—d'ye know how I can find him?"

"Sart'nly I do. Jest get a spade and dig him up—he's buried yonder, under that big tree. The Greasy Greig Gang laid him out!"

Cold beads of perspiration began to trickle down Hugh H. Flinderwick's massive brows, but he screwed his courage together manfully.

"I s'pose good old Teddy Boxwirth—I've got a card to him—is still here?"

"Not a bit of it. They set his house a-fire an' he's cleared up to some place on the Mississippi."

"O-o-oh—er—indeed! And Jerry Quarterforth?"

"Fell in love with another cove's gal, and was rode out o' town on a rail!"

"Great Scot! And Alick Canninton?"

"He hasn't been cut down yet. Got preachin' socialism. The mob—regulators we calls 'em—pinned a card into his corpse warnin' good citizens to leave it alone."

"I never! And Joe Durkman?"

"Oh, he got shot for hummin' 'After the Ball'—they can't bear chestnuts here!"

"Hullo! why, what's this crowd that's coming?"

The bar-keeper peered out anxiously.

"By Jigs!" he cried, "they're comin' after me. I accidentally gave a bloke a bad shillin' last night. Good-bye, cockie, run for yer bloomin' life!"

Seven days later the head clerk at Gracemorton and Throggchurch's received a penitent letter from Hugh H. Flinderwick, and now he manages to eat his lunch in twenty minutes, and never talks about Liberty with a capital L!

MY FRIEND OF YORE.

WHY, as I walk the crowded street
Do I cast a searching eye
On every youthful face I meet?
And why does the frequent sigh
Uprise from a heart by anguish riven
As I think that nevermore
I may feast mine eyes, till we meet in heaven,
On my long-lost friend of yore?

Why, when I sit in my sombre room,
Do I sit by the window pane,
And peer and peer through the twilight's gloom
For a sight of my friend again?
Why, when my pillow supports my head,
Do I wonder more and more
If my friend be quick or my friend be dead—
My long-lost friend of yore?

Is my brain possessed of an ardent whim—
Does my heart in its anguish crave it?—
That I may a Jonathan be to him,
And myself unto me a David?
No! He borrowed a couple of pounds from me,
And the bobs he repaid were four:
So with long, long longings I long to see
My long-lost friend of yore!

WOMAN'S WILES.

IT was breakfast time, and he came down with wary, judicious tread. When he caught the eye of the only woman he ever really loved he quailed visibly and turned his attention to the buttered toast. In a calm, disinterested way she remarked:

"How very late you were last night, Edward. Something gone wrong at the office?"

He felt an awful sneak, but taking advantage of the lie her inquiry suggested, answered:

"Yes, dear; and it seems that there *always* is something going wrong down there."

"Just so," she said, quietly. "However, I'm not going to allow you to knock yourself up. You're overtaking your brain. It's nothing but office for you, poor old fellow, morning, noon and night! Can you let me have a couple of sovereigns this morning? I wish to have a run round the sales."

"Certainly, dear, certainly," he said.

And then a wild and wicked man who had been fairly taken in the meshes of his own falsehood put down the merry quidlets on the tablecloth and went forth to his daily labours vowing that his forefather Adam really wasn't to be blamed at all for what happened, seeing that woman was, indeed, the incarnation of Wile.

ANOTHER INSULT TO SLOPER.

"WHENEVER there's anything wanting to be done your ALLY is always ready at the fore," and the Eminent thrust his hand into his capacious waistcoat and smiled proudly around him. "Yes, ALLY, you are always ready at the 'four,'" smiled Mac, sweetly; "though, for the matter o' that, so you are at the threepenn'orth, or even the 'two,' in the way of 'Unsweetened,' when they sell it at such a low figure." More words, less drinks, as per usual.

THE COMMON LOT.

THE fierce July sunshine floods the crowded streets, softening the asphalt, blistering the paint and rendering the solid pavement red-hot to the sole of the perspiring pedestrian.

The shabby office is narrow, stuffy, stifling and malodorous; and the hoarse roar of Fleet Street floats faintly up the frowzy court and in at the partly-opened, dust-begrimed window where John Jackson sits glued to his desk.

A straightforward, honest-hearted, medium-sized, common-place looking fellow is Jackson. With the burden of twenty-six years upon his head, he is one of those useful, conscientious plodders who, if they live to reach Methuselah's age, will never earn beyond three pounds a week. And yet his integrity and value is such that, if not recompensed in the next world, he should be entitled to sue Fate at Nature's chancery and recover thumping damages!

Yet, despite the sweltering heat, John is happy—supremely happy. His annual week's holiday is at hand, and away down in a country village, a fair girl is staying with humble friends, awaiting his coming. And there is sixty hard-earned pounds lying in the "Birkbeck" towards housekeeping!

So he refreshes himself with an occasional furtive glance at a missive ending "your loving Edith," and blushes deeply at finding himself opening an account in his ledger to "Cupid & Co.," or, at the end of some business letter, scrawling the firm's signature beneath "yours affectionately."

Away at the foot of the rolling downs the heat is equally intense. But the fragrance of newly-stacked hay fills the air, the after-math is already luxuriant, the shade of the whispering elm is grateful, and the gentle breeze comes spiced with the strong salt breath of the ocean.



A fair picture.

The girl gazes at him fixedly, but replies not.

"And I suppose you will be getting married presently?" he asked.

"I suppose so," falls from her lips like a dull echo.

"That's right," he says, approvingly, biting the end off a cigar.

"Fulfill your destiny, my charming Edith. Would to heaven I were to be the happy man! But, alas! marriage is not for a pauper such as myself, with a beggarly eight hundred a year! I am simply doomed to stand by and witness other people's happiness. By-the-by, how long have you been down here, Edie? Three weeks! And I have known you exactly a fortnight. Scot! It seems an eternity, doesn't it? I presume I had better have a kiss before beginning to smoke, eh?"

Unresistingly her lips submit to the embrace; but there is a confused humming in her ears, and a dull, heavy weight at her heart. The brightness fades from the landscape; the soft dreams that for the past fortnight have hovered round her vanish into the air, and—he strikes a fuzee.

It is evening, and through the fragrant meadows happy John Jackson strolls with Edith on his arm. Her demeanour is affectionate—nay, loving; and the tribute he occasionally exacts from her lips is positively as sweet to his taste as though he were the sole collector thereof—which, indeed, he fondly imagines himself to be!

Anon, he whispers of another ten pounds added to the snug little "Birkbeck" pile, and of a cosy little house at Peckham to be rented for a mere song—"Two pun' five a month, taxes included." And across a neighbouring hedgerow floats the familiar scent of a cigar smoked by a pauper with but eight hundred a year.

And she will be John's wife beyond the shadow of a doubt; she has no other prospect. And the advancing years are pregnant with care and sorrow and misery—and, perhaps, worse.



Strolls with Edith.



"Oh! Mr. Wineblubber, did you have that mark when you were a baby?" "What mark, my dear?" "That strawberry mark on your nose."

* * Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.



"Has marriage had an elevating influence on your life, Jones?" "Ah! Brown, it has indeed! I commenced with a first-floor flat, and now I'm elevated to the fifth."



JUST GOING FOR A RIDE.
"Threepence? Why, I don't want to buy the donkey."



"Take my advice, dear, don't trust the sea, it is as deceptive and as fickle as men. I dived into eighteen inches of it yesterday and suffered accordingly." —Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—PRESIDENT CASIMIR-PERIER.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



NO. 348.—MISS LOTTIE DALKEITH.

"One word—one little word of hope I crave." —The Duck Snook.
"Tell me, beloved one, wilt thou be my bride?" —Lord Rob.
"A world of beauty in her face; in every movement perfect grace." —The Hon. Lilly.



A. SLOPER was not comfortable in his lodgings by the sea last week. A. SLOPER requires scope. A sitting-room ten feet by eight and a half cannot be constituted space—and the Family does take up such a lot of it. Mrs. Sloper alone, who was weighed this morning on the beach, scaled over— But, ha! she comes! No matter! Alexandry's legs seem to be continually in the way; and what with the Twins' spades and pails, Jubilee's collection of live crabs, shells of the whelk and winkle tribe, and pebbles—or rather, boulders—and Evelina's specimens of seaweed, some running yards in length, littering all over the place, the room resembled a Marine Store more than anything else. A. SLOPER, therefore, not being comfortable, conceived the idea of running over to France for a few days and interviewing President Casimir-Perier; so, slipping away one fine morning, the Eminent found himself at length in that country. (1) After some difficulty he succeeded in button-holing the President. "Monsieur Casimir," said A. SLOPER, "I have run over for the express purpose of interviewing you." "My dear MONSIEUR SLOPER," replied the President, "you do me a great honour." "Well, Monsieur Casimir, between you and me, it is an honour. The 'H.H.' as you are aware, has the largest circulation of any other comic in the world; and the illustrious individual, whose

name it bears—" At that moment an official took A. SLOPER by the arm: "Monsieur," said he, "will have the goodness to come this way." "Ah!" cried A. SLOPER, "refreshments first, I presume. A good idea. With pleasure." (2) And that base official marched him out of the Elysee and conducted him to the railway station. But A. SLOPER dallied a day or two on the French Coast, and, tempted by Gallic beauty, actually sported in the bany. Here he had a little adventure. (3) A charming lady, seeing his cigarette was out, kindly offered him a light from her own. (4) The kindly action, slight as it was, was not lost upon a French fellow, who was evidently deadly jealous of the captivating *littérateur*, for, when A. SLOPER was about to retire to his hotel, he tapped him on the shoulder, and, in a ferocious voice, said: "Monsieur, I demand your card! here is mine." "Certainly!" said A. SLOPER. "Here you are, Monsieur." "Monsieur Attenborough!" cried the other, in tones of bloodcurdling severity, "a friend shall wait on you!" and turned on his heels. A. SLOPER thought it would be a pity to kill a gallant son of France, but what was to be done? "How can I avoid slaughtering him?" he mused. "Ah! I have it! Disguise!" (5) And that is how it was A. SLOPER returned to the bosom of his Family the guy depicted above.

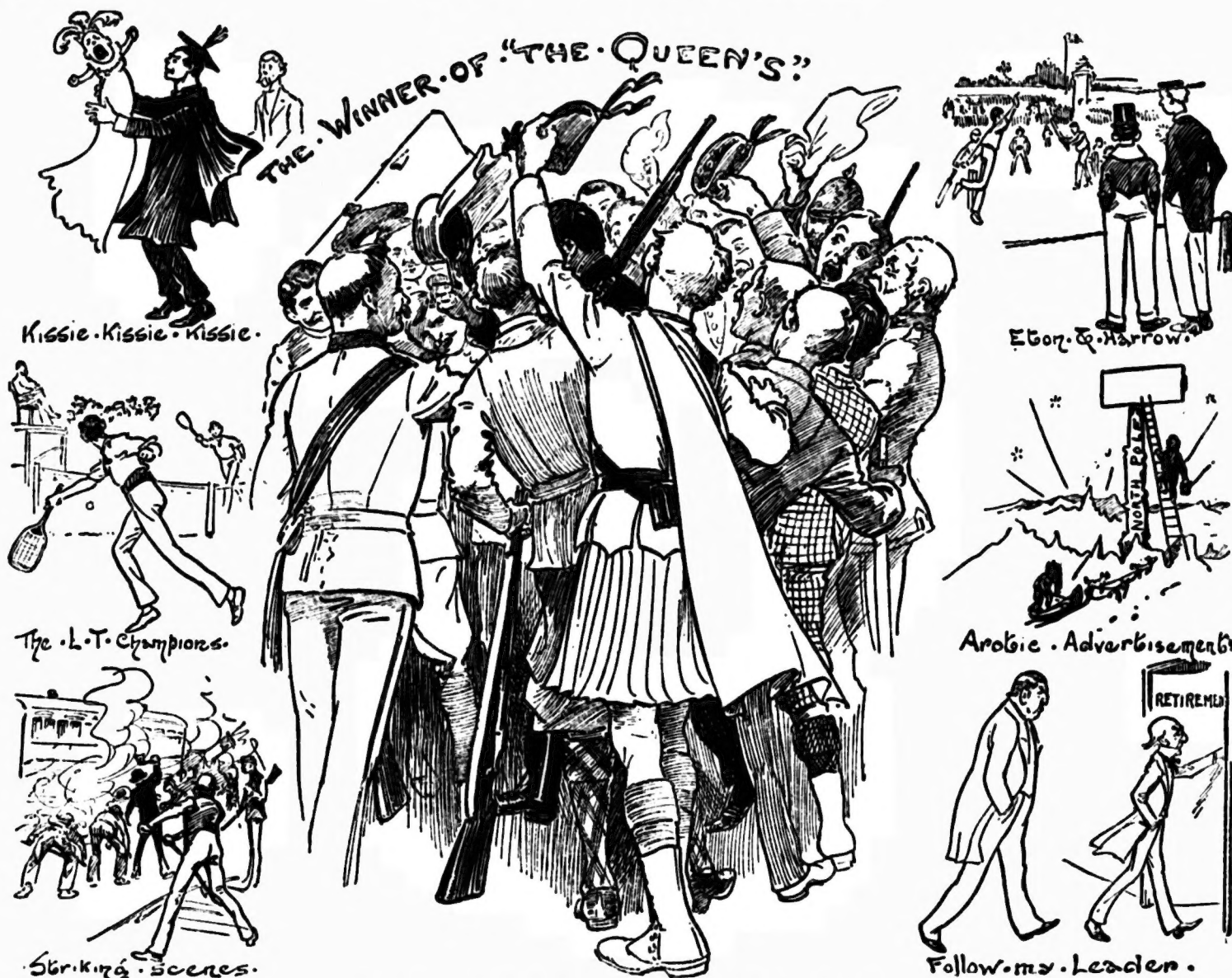
THE ELDER KEEPS A DOG (FOR A SHORT TIME).



(1) "That's a bonnie wee beastie, Laird. I've en'd him Alfred the Great, an' A'wm thinkin', Meenister, he'll be vera usefu' in the Peerish, for he has an unco' horror o' bees, and will instantly bite any person that tells a lie." (The Elder remembered, years after, that when he had thus spoken, the Laird and the Minister suddenly seemed to turn very old and grey.) "For wye?" continued the Elder, "I has naething tae fear: I has held tae the TRUTH from my youth up."

(2) Here the Elder began frantically to waltz round wi' Alfred the Great for a partner; the Elder supplied the music.

(3) The Kirk folk were all most extremely anxious to remove the beast. "We dinna want," said they, "the pair Elder to be conteenly fechtin' wi' wild beasts at Ephesus or ouywhere else."



OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Hi, hi, hi! Walk up, walk up, walk up! We are just about to commence. I have something choice for you this week; some eye-openers, without a doubt. If your mouth don't water with delight, it won't be my fault. On we go:—The future King, I'm sure soon will, Of hearty toasting have his fill:—These champions met in deadly fray At Wimbledon the other day:—The English cannot understand The railway war in Yankeland:—Bisleyites are busy firing; Visitors

look on admiring:—At Lords the scholars try their luck, Displaying lots of English pluck:—Another expedition will Soon Polewards fly to try their skill:—Departed has the Grand Old Will, But Radicals have Harcourt still.—I am sure my show must have pleased you this week. I have expended a lot of time over it, at any rate. Well, good-bye, for yet another week! May luck go with you!—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

EASILY EXPLAINED.



A "SOFT" ANSWER.

Magistrate. Aren't you ashamed of yourself at your age to have been so often at this court?
Juvenile Incurable. Begs, yer honour! I'm not here so often as yer honour, anyway!



"Conkin't stand the fag of putting on flannel garments separately this weather, so had 'em made all in one, like a Turret's costume. Think I shall patent the idea."



Tom. You look as white as if you had just seen a ghost. What's up?
Jack. Just had my annual bath, old man.



"What, Alongo! carrying off that noble animal to favour the pumpkin-pie with? I guess this is a calculation on which we shall differentiate considerably."



"Say, father, I wish you'd fall into the sea once more." "How dare you, sir! What do you mean?" "Cos then your coat would just shrink down to my size."

ALLY-CAMPANE.

A. SLOPER is always a familiar figure at the Eton and Harrow Match. He never misses it—would not do so for worlds, in fact; and, of course, he ran up to town for the fashionable fixture. The funny part of it is, the Eminent cannot quite remember at which of the great public schools he received his early education; and although both compete hotly for the honour, the records which would have at once determined the question do not seem to exist. But it matters not. The Mildewed is enabled to bestow his praise impartially. He can rejoice with Harrow or heave a sigh with Eton, and wear a light and dark blue favour both. Eton v. Harrow would be colourless without the Wreck.



THE Mildewed Mound has this day been pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon the BROTHERS JOHNSON, because one can't tell which is which. "Feyther," chortled the Azure-Eyed, as he gazed upon a photograph of the two Bristolians, "talk about the two Dromios, they ain't in it with these 'ere twins." And the Agèd gazed on the marvellous resemblance and wondered that such a thing could be.

IN order to provide additional accommodation for the very large numbers of visitors attending each performance of the Chinese Water Carnival now being held at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, the seating both on the ground floor and in the galleries has been re-arranged, and extensive promenades added which will no doubt conduce greatly to the comfort of patrons. The extensive and varied programme which has hitherto been presented has been supplemented by a new comic sketch by the celebrated Beckwith Troupe, entitled "An Aquatic Elopement." Sloperites are advised to pay a visit to this show upon the first available opportunity.

WE should recommend those of our readers who enjoy a pleasant sea trip to take advantage of the opportunity now offered by the Victoria Steamboat Association. Their splendid new palace steamer, *La Marguerite*, is running to Boulogne and back in the day. The return journey is only 10s. 6d. Ladies are especially recommended to take this trip. The chances of sea sickness are reduced to a minimum, as the vessel is one of the sturdiest on the Thames. This trip, in its beneficial effects, is certainly quite equal to a Saturday to Monday visit to the seaside.

WILLIAM HOLLAND, the cherished of Mildew Court, has again this year got on exhibition at the Winter Gardens, Blackpool, all the original drawings of W. G. Baxter's "SLOPER" Cartoons. This is pleasant for everybody concerned, A. SLOPER included. William Holland and the Eminent have been boon companions all their lives, and many's the time and oft they have quaffed more or less freely together; but this fresh testimony of affection on the part of the moustachio-cum-bearded one has completely knocked the Old 'Un off his perch. Everybody should go to the Winter Gardens at Blackpool. The show is slap-up.

Little Jack Sheppard is to be revived at the Gaiety on August 6th, and the cheery burlesque should meet with a welcome reception. The costumes, by the way, are the work of ALLY's old pal, Mr. A. Chasemore, with several new designs by his daughter Ida, who is following in her talented father's footsteps as an artist.

ALREADY is there talk of betrothing the infantile son of the Duke of York to the feminine Sloperian twin, Ginetta Margarine. If this is realized, what a grand thing it will be for England.

NOTWITHSTANDING the presence of the great Bernhardt at Daly's, the French players from the famous Theatre du Vaudeville have been performing to big houses, and great, indeed is the appreciative applause with which their efforts have been rewarded. *Madame Sans-Gêne* is a particularly happy selection from their very extensive repertoire, in a variety of ways, not the least important being that it is impossible to witness it and not observe the talent and versatility of Madame Réjane, an actress who has won her way to fame in her own country. She is supported by the entire Parisian company, so you see the Gaiety is well worth a visit just now.



No, A. SLOPER was not invited to the International Conference of Journalists at Antwerp. This is a slight the Mildewed Littérateur feels keenly. Somebody ought to be ashamed of himself.

ALTHOUGH not able to pay a personal visit to the Oxford, nevertheless, A. SLOPER is in almost daily telephonic communication with that popular Hall—as indeed he is with most of the places of entertainment in the Metropolis. He is glad to hear that in spite of his absence from town things are going splendidly at the Oxford. The house is packed nightly, and the Management profess their ability to go on without the presence of the Eminent until doom's day.

IN sending the *Vigilant* to this country, Jonathan's idea was to swab up that darned Britisher and make him sing very small. Luckily, through the medium of the Prince of Wales's yacht *Britannia*, we have been able to turn the tables to a considerable extent upon Jonathan. It is now John Bull's turn to cry "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

THE new farcical operetta—or whatever be the correct term in which to describe the delightful little musical plays for which the German Reeds possess a patent—is just as funny, just as clever, just as tuneful as its many predecessors, and—well, what more would you? *Walls Have Ears*, and Mr. Grain's capital sketch, *Bond Street at Four p.m.*, are the other items of an always first-rate programme.

IN spite of the fact that it was entered with a recommendation from the Eminent himself, Alexandry's coloured sparrow failed to secure a prize at the Canary and Mule Show held at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster, last week. However willing they may be to oblige A. SLOPER, the judges determined to draw the line at fraud.

SATURDAY, July 7th, was the happily-chosen occasion of the Annual Garden Party and Sports of the clerical staff employed by Mr. T. J. Lipton in his world-famous provision business.

The function took place at Osidge, the Southgate residence of the head of the firm, and soon after 10 o'clock the pleasure grounds were thronged with arrivals. Bright shone the sun from a cloudless sky. Special trains brought down the visitors—private brakes met them at the station. Luncheon, afternoon tea, strawberries and cream, and a more substantial tea, shortly after 6 o'clock, awaited their onslaught. And the sports! There were donkey, bicycle, sack, egg and spoon, potato, and all sorts of other races; there were tugs-of-war between married and single ladies and between the tea and coffee departments; tennis tournaments, bowls, swings, Aunt Sallies, nine-pins, and, finally, dancing. It was a d'y!

THE report that Sir William Harcourt was about to resign is evidently a trifle premature. We are authorised to state that Sir William will continue to lead the House of Commons, at any rate until A. SLOPER's return to London.

THE statement that the Prince of Wales invariably wraps his sandwiches in a copy of *Larks*! when he goes on a railway journey is substantially correct. H.R.H. says that he enjoys the champion ha'porth more than ever when it's got a hammy flavour about it.

NOW that Ladas has been defeated, the cackling of the Anti-Gambling League has ceased. Their chief grievance seems to have been that Lord Rosebery should have dared to have owned an unbeaten horse. Truly, the ways of the world are strange.

LUCKILY for Volunteers generally, the rumour that went the rounds of the daily press to the effect that A. SLOPER would shoot at the Bisley Meeting this year, was entirely without foundation. The Eminent is satisfied with the trophies he has already won, both at Bisley and Wimbledon, and is at present quite content to rest upon his laurels. Nevertheless, he is pleased to hear that the shooting is in no way degenerating. The English Volunteers are a smart body of men, and as far as shooting is concerned, can hold their own with any force in the world.

DURING the absence of the Family, Mildew Court will be partly restored. The fine old pile stands in considerable need of repair, especially the scullery and the first floor back. It is understood also that the front kitchen is to be repapered. Subscriptions in aid of the restoration fund may be sent to 99 Shoe Lane.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING 29TH JULY, 1894.

22nd July, 1812.—The Count and Countess d'Estraignes were savagely murdered this day at their house at Barnes by an Italian servant, who, immediately after committing the crime, blew his brains out with a pistol. He had only been three months with the family, and was under notice to leave.

23rd July, 1868.—On account of the heat, Sir J. P. Wilde and other judges, and several counsel, this day appeared in court without wigs. Wigs were first worn by the Egyptians, who wore them to protect their shaven heads from the sun's rays. The practice appears to have been confined to men, as the women's hair was allowed to grow long. The oldest wig in the world is of ancient Egyptian manufacture; it was found in a tomb at Thebes, and is now in the British Museum. Wigs were afterwards worn by several of the Roman emperors. Lampridius relates of the wig of Commodus: that it was tinged with fragrant colours, and powdered with gold dust. After this period we find no trace of wigs in history till the sixteenth century, when John, Duke of Saxony, wrote to Arnold von Falkenstein, in Coburg, to order a handsome wig to be made in Nuremberg, "but privately, so that it may not be known to be for us." France afterwards became the peculiar country for wigs, whence they spread to all parts of Europe. Henry III., having lost his hair by disease, covered his scalp with false hair. Under Louis XIII. they came into common use. The French Revolution gave the death blow to the general use of wigs.

24th July, 1851.—The window tax was this day repealed, and a house tax levied instead.

"Tom, taken by Tim his new mansion to view,
He observed, 'Twas a big one, with windows too few.'
'As for that,' replies Tim, 'I'm the builder's forgiver;
For taxes 'twill save, and that's good for the liver.'
'True,' says Tom, 'as you live upon farthings and mites;
For the liver 'tis good, but d—d bad for the lights!'"

25th July, 1822.—The elder Emery, a comic actor, whose success upon the London stage—especially in personating rustic characters—was very great, died this day. Emery was a very pleasant speaker, and said many good things. On one occasion he had been dining at the Green Man at Blackheath with Irish Webb, who, before he came away, was tolerably drunk. It was a cold, stormy night—as the sailors would say, blowing "great guns"—and the snow and hail pelted in at the coach door. Just as Webb was stepping in, he suddenly proposed returning into the Green Man, to have more wine and another song; the party, all anxious to get home, entreated him in vain to get into the coach. At last Emery said, "My dear Paddy, how much better it will be to give your song in the coach, as you will then have a running accompaniment to it." This reason Webb could not resist; he got into the coach, where he had not been many minutes when he began a tune on his nasal instrument, through which he snored lustily all the way to town.

26th July, 1886.—The *Standard* of this date says: "A terrible explosion occurred at seven o'clock last Wednesday morning in the Constantinople Government powder magazines at Macrikoev, a large village situated on the outskirts of Stamboul. Between thirty and forty workmen in the buildings at the time met with instant death, whilst a number of others were more or less badly wounded."

27th July, 1675.—Marshal Turenne was this day killed by a cannon-ball, near Acheren. The deputies of an important German city once offered the great Turenne 100,000 crowns not to pass with his army through their city. "Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot, in conscience, accept your money, as I had no intention to pass that way."

28th July, 1835.—This day, while Louis Philippe, with his sons and his staff, was proceeding along the Boulevard du Temple, a tremendous explosion was heard from a house opposite; an infernal machine had poured forth a shower of balls upon the cortege. Fourteen persons—among them several officers of high rank—were shot dead, besides several dangerously wounded. The King's horse received a wound in the neck; but neither he nor his family sustained any injury. The author of the murderous plot, Fieschi, had prepared the means of his escape, but some of the barrels of the machine bursting, he was so severely wounded in the head that he was not able to avail himself of them, and was taken by the police who rushed into the house. A delay of one second in lighting the train saved the lives of all the royal family.

SEASIDE SONNETS.

No. 2.—THE SEASIDE BOARDER.

A SEASIDE boarder on a time
In seaside lodgings dwelt;
And oft he said, in words sublime,
What high esteem he felt
For Mrs. Brown, with whom lived he.
Much praise he'd still accord her.
"The pink of landladies is she!"
Remarked this seaside boarder.
"She cooks the choicest butcher's flesh
That sterling coin can get her.
The fish she buys is always fresh;
Her fowl—I ne'er had better.
And, punctual to the moment, sir,
The banquet which I order
Are on the table placed by her!"
So spake the seaside boarder.
That seaside boarder's landlady
We'll toast in jugs and flagons:
In sooth, in right good truth, was she
The pink of seaside "dragons!"
But we cannot help but think (although
We feel so praiseful toward her)
That 'twas in Methuselah's time, or so,
She kept that seaside boarder!

JUVENILE PRECOCITY.

OF course, "accidents will happen in the best regulated families," and some kids are more wide awake than others—we know all about that—but A. SLOPER puts it down mainly to the School Board. They're overdoing the kids.

Whenever that worthy old father of a family, Gluefiskin, sits down to meals he always tries to inculcate a sound object lesson to his brood upon the principal subject under discussion.

"John Henry," he said to his youngest the other morning, as with a spoon he cracked the shell of his hard-boiled sixteen-shilling. "John Henry, eggs are a great natural marvel—remember that."

"Yes, sir."

"You are aware, of course, that chickens come out of eggs?"

John Henry dropped his spoon.

"Garn!—who are ye gettin' at?—it's quite the other way about!"

Mr. Gluefiskin scowled, thought it over, then—put on his hat and went out.

Every Wednesday. Twopence.

JUDY.

Best Artists. Best Authors.

EDITED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE BABY PRO.



THE pranks of Pro-land are oft extreme—
You readers have noticed it, have you not?
Strange changes flit o'er Thalia's dream—
At one time a boon, at another a blot,
Or a plan that awakens of praise no jot.
Now, these last two kinds are in many a show,
'Tis the craze for a "turn" by some toddling tot—
For the newest fad is the Baby Pro.

It isn't a very delightful theme,
The infantile artist's little lot,
Nor does it sort with the kindness scheme,
Which we're by moralists taught, ye wot;
It seems more akin to some Brownrigg plot,
When children were cruelly served, you know—
High kicking and "splits" by some bright she-dot!
Yet thus is the fate of the Baby Pro.

ENVOI.

What age will they next wee players out-trot?
Doubtless a few weeks of age or so,
And can-cans in swaddling clothes we'll "spot"—
For this is the age of the Baby Pro.

A ROMANCE OF MARGATE.

OF course it was awfully kind and thoughtful of Mr. Higginfyer to offer to go down all the way to Margate and hunt up comfortable digs for his wife and olive branches, and any reasonable woman would have admitted as much. But then, you see, a jealous woman is never reasonable, and we are sorry to say that the green-eyed monster had taken up permanent lodgings with Mrs. Higginfyer, and lost no single opportunity of whispering doubts and suspicions concerning Mr. H.'s movements in her ear, and we are bound to admit he found an all too ready listener.

But on this occasion, when her husband made the offer above recounted, Mrs. Higginfyer felt the necessity of dissembling. Previous experience had taught her that she either wronged her house with her suspicions, or that he was artful enough to take proper measures to allay them, when, as she had previously done, she allowed them to become apparent. The good lady was firmly convinced that the latter was the true state of the case; and, accordingly, when Higginfyer proposed to run down by the Granville on Saturday, to select the rooms, and come up Monday morning, she all in with a readiness and absence of objection that was novel as it was delightful.

Alas! appearances were ever deceitful. The next morn that steamed to Margate from London, after the arrival of the Granville, numbered among its passengers a stern-visaged female, of substantial proportions, whom, had you been previously acquainted with her, you would have at once recognized as Mrs. Higginfyer. She was on the track.

We will not follow her in her weary search through the town, we will not dwell upon her mind-racked promenade on pier and jetty, but follow her as with noiseless but trembling footsteps, with flaming eyes, and breath that comes in short gasps, she steals across the beach to where, behind a sand heap, she has at last run the faithless Higginfyer to earth. Yes, there is the villain! his back alone would have betrayed him, even if his hair and general look view had not been at once recognized by his outraged spouse. Here he sat, and beside him was a girl—a winsome creature!

Mrs. Higginfyer did not hesitate a moment. She stole softly up behind and put all her outraged feelings into one terrific blow with her umbrella.

A thud, an oath, a scream, a scuffle, and then Mrs. Higginfyer had rooted to the spot with horror and astonishment. She'd nearly broken the head of a complete stranger after all.

Ten minutes later, as Mr. H. turned out of the gate of a house in Marine Terrace, he encountered a little party consisting of his wife, a policeman, a small crowd of idlers, and a honeymooning couple who were on the way to the station to state the charge. Mrs. Higginfyer did not go to Margate for her holidays. All the money for the trip had to be devoted to paying the fine.

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."
BERTHA BINGLEY.



MAKING all who see her bright
Form divinely dancing
Think of fairy feet o'er light
Midnight meadows glancing,
Jerking from her rosebud mouth
Songs so sweet and jingly,
Music's Queen from North to South
Is bonnie Bertha Bingley.

Finding still for Cupid's dart
Cupid's ofttest target,
Meteor-like she flits athwart
Brighton, Eastbourne, Margate,
Brightening by her lissom grace
Sandy shore or shingly,
Queen of every watering-place
Is bonnie Bertha Bingley.

Making whom she holds in thrall pensive, pale and fretful,
Making business men of all business cares forgetful,
Making every single youth sick of living singly,
Queen of Hearts in very truth is bonnie Bertha Bingley!

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM, July 10th, 1894.

DEAR ALLY,—As an old subscriber and admirer of many years standing, I must write and thank you for the poems that have lately appeared in the "HALF-HOLIDAY," dealing with the "abominable sin" of vivisection. I had no idea we had the grand old Eminent on our side in our crusade against this merciless cruelty. I shall take care to inform the Society of this inspiring fact. With hearty thanks, believe me, dear ALLY, yours sincerely,

F. S. ROSS, B.A.

(Member of the Committee of the Victoria Street Society for the Protection of Animals from Vivisection, 20 Victoria Street, Westminster.)

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

NO. 257.—HE YEARNs FOR YE ACCOLADE.

"SLOPER, be knighted!" that was the phrase
Which for numberless nights and for numberless days
Noble ALLY had longed to hear.

But, although he ran high in the Government's praise,
Still the Government's ways are queer:
And the Government ne'er had its darling invited
To list to the formula: "SLOPER, be knighted!"

"SLOPER, be knighted!"—that was the speech
Which would make the Rubiginous Bogie Man reach
The high heights of his tall ambition;
For his vulgar red blood to the hue it would bleach
Of the blood of the pale patrician,
And his creditors all would be highly delighted
To cancel his debts, when the Wreck had been knighted.

"SLOPER, be knighted!"—and SLOPER prayed
For that boon each night, ere in bed he laid:
And not vainly in prayer he knelt.
For a time came round when on shoulder blade
The sweet accolade-stroke he felt,
And a voice, which his soul to high fervour excited,
Outspoke the fine formula: "SLOPER, be knighted!"

"SLOPER, be knighted!"—and SLOPER rose,
And "As SIR ALLY SLOPER," he said, "my foes—"
Then he stopped in his consternation,
And the constable followed, "Old Fiery Nose,
You'll toddle with me to the station!"
And the Fossil wist that the knighthood stroke
Was at midnight struck by a peeler bloke,
Who asleep in a ditch had the drunkard sighted,
And had cried in astonishment, "SLOPER BENIGHTED!"

OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES.

IT is stated that Mrs. Isabella Cousina, the South American millionaire, doesn't know how to spend her money fast enough. Poor soul! Wonder whether she'd like to take the Olympic and put up Shakespeare?

Men of resource still abound in Fleet Street—though resource is frequently all they possess. The other day a gifted editor, weary of the sight of his tailor's handwriting, hit upon a happy idea. Cutting out a standing notice to correspondents which reads: "Enough has been said on this subject. Correspondence must now cease," he gummed it on the snip's billhead and returned it to him. The next communication he received was on the salmon paper of the City of London Court.

It is sad to reflect that the Socialist agitator who has spent his whole afternoon in shouting down the well-to-do, defying the powers that be, and turning the Constitution upside down, should land home eventually and get blown up like blazes by one little hard-faced woman for not wiping his boots on the mat.

When Robinson Crusoe landed on his desert island he could for the first time understand the feelings of the landlady of a lodging-house at Southend on a rainy Sunday.

Monstrous! "It has come to our knowledge," wrote recently the secretary of an insurance company to one of the policy-holders, "that you have written several poems upon the beauties of Goodwood, which is to take place at the end of this month, with the intention of offering them to various editors for publication. I am directed to inform you that you will forfeit your policy if you persist in your purpose: you only pay the ordinary premium and we always classify Goodwood and other beauties-of-nature poets as extra-hazardous!"

It is not good for man to be alone? Get out! Just try to shave yourself and have your eldest male offspring playing round your ankles with a piece of string, and the second one asking you to draw an elephant on the looking-glass with a bit of shaving soap, and then see!

Job may have been tried—we don't say he wasn't—but there's no record of his ever having taken a seat on one of the boilers of the Ramsgate steamer by inadvertence.

A man we know who is a member of the Turf Club alludes to it as "Solomon in all his glory," because it's not been a-raided like one of these—petty little City places!

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

THE light of day forsaketh me,
The night of doom o'ertaketh me,
A coward conscience maketh me,
In the Valley of the Shadow.
An arm unseen, ensnaring me,
Is from earth's surface tearing me,
And down to hell seems bearing me,
From the Valley of the shadow.

The hope (once permeating me)
Of death annihilating me
Declines illuminating me
Through the Valley of the Shadow.
A wasted life is taunting me,
Unrighted wrongs are haunting me,
The dread of death is daunting me,
In the Valley of the Shadow.

God's wrath, which overbeareth me,
A righteous doom prepareth me,
But, if God's mercy spareth me
From the Valley of the Shadow,
Then—with God's guidance guiding me—
Shall conscience shrink from chiding me,
When death is next betiding me
In the Valley of the Shadow.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

POOR Relations: Yarns by a tenth-rate story-teller.
A CORPULENT Lady who has Two Husbands Living: Big-Amy.
"SUMMER-ILLY-dealt-with": A summer that gets nothing but rain all through it.

WHAT article of feminine attire is like an effeminate boudoir knight? A Dol(l)-man.

WHY is the average sort of "Queen's weather" like the Queen? Because it is "la reine."

ALLY always "lets well alone." We regret to add that he also always "lets the water from the well alone."

Q. DISTINGUISH between a courteous man, and election returns which show that only a tithe of voters have voted?

A. Po(l)-lite: light poll.

THE LION QUEEN.

A Tragedy.

CHAPTER V.

MADAME CARLONA was a stern-minded woman, who had originally been named Smith. Smith is a useful, if somewhat orna-



Wafted him through the roof.

mentally, name, but it was of no use in the show business, where foreign talent only is of account. Madame's father adopted the name Carlona in order to push business. When the big elephant wafted him through the roof of the show with its trunk, and he hit on a hard road outside, he was all broken up, and could only remark to his daughter, "Stick to the name, Molly—stick to the name; it is good business." So she stuck to the name, and continued to run the show. In course of time she married—married a lion tamer, and he became Carlona, as a matter of course. As a lion tamer, however, he was not a success. For a time he had got along fairly well, but he gradually got careless, and one day one of the lions took a mouthful of him. He must have tasted good. The lucky lion evidently told the other lions that he was nice. Then, after that, he had no peace. The lions were always regarding him as a sort of luncheon, and taking bits out of him at intervals. He began to get discouraged as he lost his symmetry, for the lions seemed to be indifferent to the true line of beauty, and ate bits at irregular intervals. When he was cured up for a time he would look as if he had had his legs and body scollioped; and as the animals ate more and more he became zig-zaggy. He lost all his beauty, and became a mere picturesque ruin. Then he became a gloomy and discouraged man, for even the public hooted at him. He refused to enter the lions den any more, and a new tamer had to be got, who, of course, had to perform under the name of Carlona. Gradually the disappointed man became more and more morose, and shunned his fellow man. He took to drink. One night he fell off a waggon and the wheels passed over him and flattened him out as thoroughly as a steam roller would have done.



Lost his symmetry.

Madame had his remains rolled up like a side of bacon, and planted him in a burying ground near by. It was a terrible waste of fresh meat, and the temptation to let the remains rejoin those other remains which the lions had assimilated on previous occasions was great. Sentiment was even in favour of such a course, and it would have also saved the expense of a funeral; but Madame Carlona came to the conclusion that such a disposal of her late lamented might cause comment, and, in deference to public opinion, there was an interment.

There was not only an economic loss in the manner of Carlona's death, but it was also a decided loss in a sentimental aspect. Had he died as a true lion tamer ought to die, amid the full glare of the dark-dispelling naphtha lamps, amid the blare of the brass band, and in full view of a horror-stricken group of spectators, his death would have been of incalculable value as an advertisement to the show; but Carlona had no public spirit left. He was a gloomy, disappointed man, and apparently cared neither that the lions should have fresh meat, nor that the show should prosper even over his obituary.

Madame Carlona bore her griefs with much calmness. She was a widow, it was true, but she had consolations that are denied to other widows. While she was parted from her husband, she was not parted from all of him. If from the nomadic spirit which prevailed her establishment prevented her weeping at his earthly tomb, she could always step along to the lions' cage and shed a few tears in the neighbourhood of the animals. She did not do this long, however. The new tamer was a successful man, and the widow concluded that she might save a salary by marrying him. She proposed, and was accepted, and from the day that man was married his peace on earth departed. He could manage to keep the lions in their proper place, but Madame Carlona was too many for him. He sighed when he thought of the days of his lion taming independence. But sighs were of no use, and were decidedly inexpedient on the part of a lion tamer. He tried to brace himself up against Madame's tyranny, but it was of no avail. He was unnerved in her presence, and to be unnerved anywhere is a serious matter for a lion tamer whose animals are at all observant. Carlona's career was in jeopardy, and the arrival of Hamish McNab accelerated the catastrophe.



Had his remains rolled up.

(To be continued next week.)

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 369.—DR. BARNARDO, F.O.S.

"We have the greatest possible pleasure in herewith presenting to our readers a life-like portrait of the kindly philanthropist whose mission in life has been to rescue the waif and succour the stray; to bring up the child of the gutter in the way he should go, and put him or her in the way of becoming a blameless and useful member of the community. Far away over the wide ocean, in foreign lands and English Colonies, there will be readers of this paper who will recognise the kindly medico, but for whose care they might at this moment be loading drunkards, or, worse still, hardened criminals, instead of prosperous artisans, farmers, or whatever other calling they have adopted. Our hero has had many rebuffs, has laboured under gigantic and numerous difficulties, and has met often and often with the blackest ingratitude in return for his charity. But nothing has daunted him. He goes on doing his good work still, and that he may long live to continue it is the hearty wish of the Wreck. Chiefly because he's a true philanthropist he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him July 7th, 1894."—*Debit Improved.*



Young Man (in desperation). Let me have a kiss!
Elderly Spinster. Oh, so sudden! and so many people looking.
Young Man. Yes, yes! but I've bet 'em all half a crown I'd kiss you in less than ten minutes; come on, make haste! and I'll give you five per cent. of the stakes.
[And then the band played]



Bridget. Ah, shure! if iv'ry one of these pats o' butther was Pat O'Connor, what an afternoon I'd be havin'.



"What does that impudent young fellow say?" "He only wants to know, Auntie, whether you are saying your prayers."

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PREPARED FOR THE WORST.



Rose. Don't dive, dear, you'll ruin your complexion.
Ethel. Never mind, girls, I've plenty more in my pocket. Here goes.



"Did you get on the winner, Jack?" "No, darling; I got on a buster instead."



A SAFE FORECAST.
Mr. Toper (reads). "Wet night—probably dry early part of to-morrow, wet again later." Hum! same as yesterday.

ALL FOR SPORT.



(1) Bill Snuggs. There, guv'nor, if yer wants to see a dog as can catch 'em, there 'e sits. That there pup's worth a fiver of any rent's money. Mr. Mugly. H'm! perhaps. But before I decide I should like to see him at work. (2) Bill Snuggs. Now 'e's busy, sir. Hi, Smiler! fetch 'em out! Kate! (3) Mr. Mugly. Ow! Ooooh! Help! Police! The brute's run up my trousers! Bill Snuggs. Haw, haw, haw! 'Ere's a barney! 'Old 'ard, Mister! Let me git a welt at him with my stick!

I'll settle him! (4) Swoop! Whack! "That gave him beans, I know!" (5) SPLASH! (6) Bill Snuggs. Wot? Ain't injin' yer sport? Don't want to buy the pup, don't yer? Well, look 'ere, Mister, I won't be 'ard on yer. Gimme a fiver for rescu' on yer from a watery grave, and I'll keep the pup and cry "quite." I can't say no fairer than that—eh? And Mugly had to part up. That dog knew its business, and held on like grim death until his master called him off.

REVENGE IS SWEET.



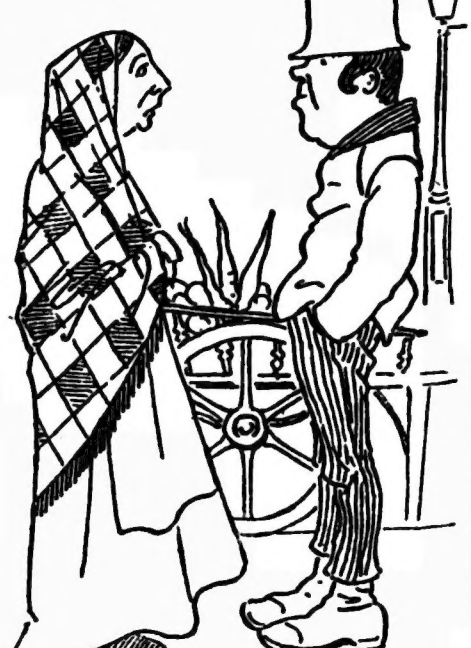
"Yah! you wouldn't git us a copper this morning when I asked yer, now you've got one yourself. How do yer like it?"

GIRLS SLOPER'S KISSED.



Sue.

A RELIC.



Fragment of a mural decoration found at Nineveh by a friend of SLOPER'S.